

# WHIG upon WHIG:

O R,

## A Pleasant Dismal BALLAD

On the Old Plotters newly found out.

To the Tune of, O Hone, O Hone.

[1]

Belov'd hearken all  
O Hone, O Hone,  
To my sad Rhimes, that shall,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
be found in Dirty Lad,  
Which makes Me almost mad,  
but Tories Hearts full glad,  
O Hone, O Hone.

[2]

Effex has cut his Throat,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
Ruffel is Guilty found,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
being of the Crow,  
And Hone the Joyner too,  
Must give the Dev his due,  
O Hone, O Hone.

[3]

Rumsey swears heartily,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
West swears He does not lie,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
L. H—d vows by's Troth,  
That they are good Men both,  
And take the self same Oath,  
O Hone, O Hone.

[4]

I heard some People say,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
M—b is fled away,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
And some do not stick to say,  
If he falls in their way,  
He will have damn'd fair Play,  
O Hone, O Hone.

[5]

Armstrong and Gray Got wot,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
And Ferguson the Scot,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
Are all run God knows where,  
'Cause stay they dare not here,  
To fix our Grand Affair,  
O Hone, O Hone.

[6]

Juries (alas) are thus,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
There's no Ignoramus,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
But you'll have Justice done,  
To ev'ry Mothers Son,  
And be Hang'd One by One.  
O Hone, O Hone.

[7]

Now how like Fools we look,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
Had we not better took  
O Hone, O Hone,  
Unto our Trades and Wives,  
And have kept in our Hives,  
Which might have sav'd our Lives,  
O Hone, O Hone.

[8]

The King he says, that all  
O Hone, O Hone,  
That are found Guilty, shall  
O Hone, O Hone,  
Die by the Ax or Rope,  
As they dy'd for the POPE,  
Brethren there is no Hope,  
O Hone, O Hone.

[9]

The Sisters left behind,  
O Hone, O Hone,  
Must with Vile Tories Grind,  
O hone, O hone,  
And still be at their Call,  
To play at Up-tails-all;  
Nay, to be Poxt and all.  
O hone, O hone.

[10]

The Tories now will Drink,  
O hone, O hone,  
The Kings Health with our Obink,  
O hone, O hone,  
Queen, Duke and Dutchess too,  
And all the Loyal Crew,  
Jerney Morblew, Morblew,  
O hone, O hone.

July 16, 1932

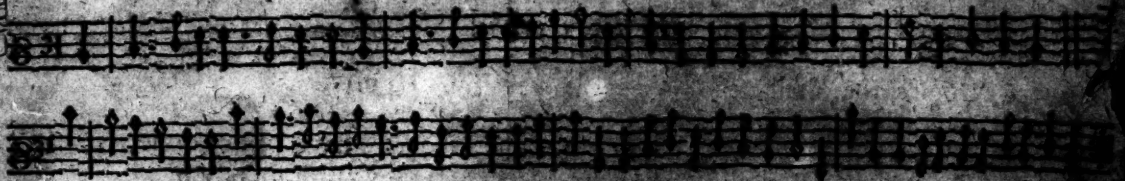
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# The WHIGS laid open

OR,

An Honest Ballad of these sad Times.

To a Mery Tune, called *Old Symon the King*.



I.

Now the *Plotters & Plots* are confounded,  
And all their Designs are made known  
Which smelt so strong of the *Round-head*,  
And Treason of *Forty One*.  
And all the Pious Intentions  
For *Property, Liberty, Laws*,  
Are found to be only Inventions,  
To bring in their *Good Old Cause*.  
*And all the Pious, &c.*

II.

By their delicate *Bill of Exclusion*,  
So hotly pursu'd by the *Rabble*;  
They hop'd to have made such Confusion,  
As never was seen at *Old Babel*.  
Then *Shaftsbury's* brave City Boys,  
And *M——th's* Countrey Relations,  
Were ready to second the Noise,  
And send it throughout the 3 Nations.  
*Then Shaftsbury's, &c.*

III.

No more of the 5th. of *November*,  
That Dangerous Desperate Plot;  
But ever with horror remember  
*Old Tony, Armstrong, and Scot*.  
For *Tony* thou'd ne're be forgotten,  
Nor *Ferguson's* Popular Rules;  
Nor *M——th, or G——y*, when they're rotten,  
For Popular, Politick Fools.  
*For Tony thou'd, &c.*

IV.

The Murder of Father and King,  
And Extinguishing all the right Line,  
Was a Good and a Godly thing;  
And worthy the *Whig's* Design:  
The Hanging of Prelate, and Peer,  
And putting the Guards to the Sword,  
And Fleying, and Slashing Lord Mayors,  
Was to do the Work of the Lord,  
*The Hanging of, &c.*

V.

But I hope they will have their Desert,  
And the *Gallies* will have its due,  
And *Jack Ketch* will be more Expert,  
And in time be as Rich as a Jew.  
Whilst now in the Tavern we Sing,  
All Joy to great *Tory* and his Right,  
A Glorious long Reign to our King;  
But when They've occasion we'll Fight,  
*Whilst now in the Tavern, &c.*

VI.

The name of a *Whig* and a *Tory*,  
No more shall Disquiet the Nation;  
We'll Fight for the Church and her Glory,  
And Pray for this Reformation.  
That ev'ry Faction's Professor,  
And ev'ry Zealous Pretender  
May humble 'em, to the Successor  
Of *Charles*, our Nations Defender.  
*That every Faction, &c.*

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